

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"REHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



THE POOR INVALID STRANGER.

FAIRLY-CUM-FORELANDS;

OR, OUR PARISH AND SOME OF ITS PEOPLE.

CHAPTER IX.—A NEWLY WEDDED COUPLE AT CHURCH—A DISCUSSION ABOUT DRESS.

The following Sunday, Alice Berners, or now Alice Harrington, was at church with her husband and bridesmaids. Joshua Harrington was a highly respectable young man in station and conduct. His

circumstances were flourishing; and it would have been unseemly if he had not honoured his bride, and she had not honoured him, by a decent appearance at the parish church after their marriage. But, while he felt this, Mr. Verity was much concerned to see Alice with a white veil, and orange flowers trembling at the side of her bonnet; he did not know the names of those points in her dress and the dresses of her bridesmaids, in which they had

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

departed from their station, but he was sure, from the general effect, that they were not properly arrayed, and it discomposed him. Alice, he hoped, would have set a better example.

On their return from church Mrs. Verity said, "How nice Alice looked, Charles; it certainly was a very pretty wedding."

"I did not admire her," he replied; "I thought old Mrs. Harrington looked much more respectable."

"Why, Charles, you don't expect a young girl to dress like an old woman, surely?"

"No; nor a farmer's wife to dress like a lady of quality."

"Oh, but she was only a little tasty; her things were not very expensive."

"I don't understand it, but she looked, and the girls with her, very much out of their station in life; and it vexed me to see it."

"Ah, but I think, dear Charles, you are over-particular."

"What do you make of *this*, Henrietta? 'Consider the lilies of the field'—'take no thought for raiment'—does it mean anything or nothing?"

"Well, I'm sure I never dress out of my station; so it is not my fault."

"No, you do not; but it would do them less harm if you did, than one of their own class doing it, after having made a profession of religion."

"But, Charles, religion, you have always said, adds to our enjoyments, it does not take from them."

"And so I say now; but it turns the current of our tastes, and our enjoyments become of a different character."

"But does a religious person take no pleasure in dress—none at all, ever?"

"I cannot understand a *sensible* person taking pleasure in it, and a *religious* person doing so is a stranger thing still to me; yet I don't say that vanity in that form may not cleave to a really religious person."

"Well, then, I think it is Alice's infirmity; I am sure she is really fond of dress, and have always seen it."

"I never noticed it."

"No, because she has been in black since we have known her, until now, and you could not understand it while that was the case; if all her dress to-day had been black, not white, it would not have struck you, and yet there has always been the same aim at effect in her dress which is almost always the case with girls who are dress-makers."

"Well, it has a bad look; it will have a bad effect on her neighbours, and it brings a reproach on the religion she professes."

"Dear Charles, I think you are too serious about it; you are generally so indulgent."

"I ought to be, always, where a principle is not involved; but here it is, so I must see Alice and tell her my mind."

"But if it is her infirmity, you allow that vanity will cleave to religious people?"

"Yes, it will, if allowed; but where is the religion that allows it? What is the meaning of 'denying ourselves,' if we are to allow ourselves in our sinful infirmities?"

"Charles, you think more of it because you have

no vanity yourself; but I know a little what it is, and can feel for Alice; and, let me tell you, it is not one woman, rich or poor, in a thousand, who is not as old as Mrs. Harrington, that will not try to look as well as she can."

"It may be true, while they think more of the body than the soul; but do you think, Henrietta, that Martha and Mary thought about their dress when they went to meet the Lord; or that that poor Syro-phenician woman who pleaded for her daughter cared for hers; or the penitent who washed the feet of Jesus with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head? No! I can believe that Herodias had spent much time before her mirror when she prepared for the feast at which she obtained John the Baptist's head, and that Jezebel painted her face and tired her head when she was looking out for Jehu."

"Oh, Charles, Charles, that is too strong."

"Well, well; what I mean is this: when religion really sanctifies the heart, the love of vanity, whether in dress or not, will fade away; and until it does, it is the duty of every one professing it to struggle against vanity at the cost of self-denial, surely. 'Crucify the flesh,' and 'cut off the right hand,' mean something, Henrietta."

"I believe you are right, dear," she said; but it was with a sigh of sympathy with Alice, of whom she was very fond, and who, in her heart, she thought did really look very nice, notwithstanding her husband's disapprobation.

During the afternoon service she could not help thinking that Alice's dress *might* do harm; for many eyes were fixed on the pew, and she saw Mrs. Bletherby fire a triumphant glance as she walked out of church with her two nieces.

The next morning Mrs. Bletherby managed to be outside the garden fence, while Mrs. Verity was in the garden with her baby. "And how is the dear innocent this morning, ma'am?" she said, blandly. "I was afraid you was very warm in church ma'am, yesterday; there was a good many there; some came to see Alice, I suppose, hearing she was so beautiful. She looked very nice, ma'am, didn't she?"

Mrs. Verity did not wish to enlighten Mrs. Bletherby as to her opinion, which she knew this question was intended to draw out. She answered, "I am very glad she is so well married, Mrs. Bletherby; I hope she will be happy."

"Oh, she's sure to be that, ma'am, being so well taught by Mr. Verity. I told my nieces to mind and see what they might hope to come to if they behaved well, for their father's a deal better off than ever hers was; and although they go so plain now, there's no reason why they mayn't have such a wedding as hers some day. It's been quite the talk of the place, ma'am, how beautiful she looked, and how pleased you and Mr. Verity must have been to see her."

"Mr. Verity and I do not trouble ourselves much about looks, Mrs. Bletherby," said Mrs. Verity, who felt the cool malice of the old woman's speech, "but we are much attached to Alice, who is a really good girl."

"Oh, of course she is," said Mrs. Bletherby, "and, as I was telling my nieces, her being dressed

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like a lady couldn't be wrong, because she wouldn't do anything, I was sure, to offend the minister; only, poor things, they *was* struck very much with the veil, because one of them wanted to have a black veil last Martlemas, and I wouldn't let her, by any means; and so she couldn't understand it, poor thing. You see, ma'am, girls is so foolish; but, there, I'm sure it did my heart good to see Alice so beautiful, and so it did you, ma'am, I could tell by your looks at her."

This was too much. "Mrs. Bletherby," said Mrs. Verity, "what Mr. Verity thinks of Alice's dress, if he thought at all about it, he will tell her himself."

The old woman did not expect this rebuff. The tone was not to be mistaken; she begged pardon, and hoped she hadn't made too free; only, Mrs. Verity being always such a kind lady, she spoke out her mind to her without being afraid. Mrs. Verity assured her she was not offended, and the conversation ended. "Charles was right," said Mrs. Verity to herself, "and I think he always is. I cannot think how I could ever have liked that odious old woman."

"Henrietta, can you walk with me to the Grange this morning, to call on Alice and her husband?" said Mr. Verity, as his wife entered the house. Mrs. Verity assented, and they left home in expectation of a pleasant walk, for nurse was to carry baby, to meet them on their return. At their gate they found a wretched-looking woman leaning for support against it; she seemed to have scarcely strength enough to ask for relief.

"I will call Betty to her," said Mrs. Verity, who did not like being hindered in her walk. But Mr. Verity knew there were certain things for which Betty had unmitigated antipathy—and one of them was "beggars;" the whole race came under her ban. A beggar either was a thief, or would be one if he could, for idleness was the only legitimate cause to be assigned for beggary, in her eyes, and idleness was with her almost the deadliest of sins. Therefore Mr. Verity knew no beggar fared well at her hands; he hesitated, half afraid to keep his wife waiting, half afraid, or more than half, to trust a woman to Betty's tender mercies.

"I will speak to Betty," he said, effecting a compromise between the two difficulties; and before Mrs. Verity could remonstrate, he was in at the back door.

"Betty, there is a most miserable object here; pray be very kind to her; I cannot stay to speak to her now, but relieve her, Betty, and let her rest here till I come back."

Betty looked doubtful.

"You will be very kind to her, as you would wish others to be to you, if you were in her place?"

"I'm never like to be in her place, sir, so long as I can work, or go like an honest woman to the Union, if I've no respectable friends."

"No, Betty, and while I live you shall never want, if I can help it, nor go to the Union either; but your mistress is waiting, and I came back to beg you to show kindness to this woman; you will, won't you?"

"I'll give her something to eat. Is she to stay in

the kitchen? Who knows what she is, sir? and I can't sit here and watch her."

"Ah, yes, I see," said Mr. Verity, getting nervous about his wife; "well, do the best you can, Betty; but mind and keep her till I come back."

"Anybody may impose on him. I wonder at it, when he's so clever at everything else; but it's because he is so tender-hearted. Well, I must go and look after this beggar, I suppose. I do hate beggars, and that's the truth."

Mr. Verity having told the poor woman she would speedily be attended to, hurried on to overtake Mrs. Verity, who had sauntered on across the first field.

"Why, Charles, you have been thinking of that woman till your face has got into the same shape as hers."

He smiled, but again looking serious, said, "Did you ever see so piteous an expression?"

"I didn't notice her; she seemed to me like most beggars; one never expects them to look happy when they come, whatever they may do when they go."

Mr. Verity was buried in thought.

"I'm sorry I didn't look more at her, dear, as she has made such an impression on you; but we shall have enough of her when we go back; do let us enjoy our walk."

This was said in an expostulatory tone, and aroused Mr. Verity, who assumed immediately his usual cheerful manner, and made no further remark on the subject.

All was very gay and happy-looking at the Grange. Old Mr. Harrington and his son were standing in the fold; they advanced to welcome their guests, and led them into the best parlour, where Alice was at work, with old Mrs. Harrington and Reuben Berners.

Mrs. Verity immediately surveyed Alice, and felt sure that her husband would be disarmed by her neat and plain appearance. "And yet," thought she, "she is quite as much dressed in reality as she was on Sunday. There is the same studied shape and effort at a ladylike effect that I have always noticed; but Charles does not understand these things; it is only when the taste comes out in veils and orange flowers that he discovers it."

Indeed, Mr. Verity was so much preoccupied with the sorrowful face he had left at the vicarage gate, that he quite forgot his intended hint to Alice; and as her unobtrusive attire on the present occasion did not remind him of the subject, to Mrs. Verity's relief nothing was said that could lessen the pleasure of the visit.

CHAPTER X.—A BEGGAR'S STORY.

"CHARLES," said Mrs. Verity, as they returned, "I was so glad you were fairly cheated out of scolding Alice for her dress, because she looked so sober to-day; and, really, you were deceived. Now, her dress on Sunday was silk, certainly, but that was a chalet she had on to-day, and a good chalet is much more expensive than a middling silk. Yet it looked very humble, because it was a grave colour, so you thought she was all right; if you had noticed, you would have seen that her sleeve was exactly the

same pattern as mine, like the last dress I had from town; you remember, Charles?"

Mrs. Verity was in serious earnest. Mr. Verity replied, "My dear, ladies' sleeves are to me what beggars' faces are to you, all very much alike."

"Now, Charles, for you that is downright spiteful; all I want you to understand is, that it is being a dress-maker which enables her to get all the fresh patterns and make her things in a good style; that makes Alice look so much dressed, and it's the way with all the villages now—the truth is, all difference in dress is vanishing."

"The only care I have about dress is this," said Mr. Verity, "that it should not take up more time and thought than belong to it. There is a very strong crusade made against drunkenness in men, (and women too,) in this day, and so there should be; but I think the evil that poor women bring on their husbands by over expensive dress, and on their children by teaching them to set off their persons through their own example, is one of serious weight, and I should like to meet, and if I could, in some way lessen it *here*. Of course I don't know what the value of dress is, but I know that no woman in the parish looks so thoroughly respectable, to my taste, as Dorothy Dixon."

"Oh, Dorothy is refreshing to behold, and I hope she will bring up her children in her own fashion. But it is wonderful how weak some mothers are on this point; they do not seem to care for their own dress, but allow, and even encourage, the love of it in their daughters. You cannot think what trouble I had in one or two instances, when I used to go to the Sunday school—before baby came," she added in a tone of explanation—"with obstinate weak mothers who would not insist on their children's taking artificial flowers out of their bonnets."

Mrs. Verity was very energetic as the remembrance of her parish labours came before her; but she soon forgot all as she caught the glimpse of baby's snow-white drapery brightening the distance; and even Mr. Verity, while he walked with quickened step to meet and take him from the nurse's arms, seemed to have put off, for that time at least, his parish cares. Once at home, however, and he lost no time in questioning Betty on her unwillingly sheltered guest.

He found both in the kitchen; the woman half sat, half leaned, in an uneasy posture, on the wooden straight-backed chair, while Betty looked nearly desperate at the prolonged imposition of such a charge.

"I've given the young woman something to eat, sir, but she isn't for much eating. I suppose you'd like to have her in the study, wouldn't you?"

A deep hollow cough prevented the woman from speaking in reply to Mr. Verity, who kindly asked her to follow him. She rose with some difficulty, and with very feeble and uneven steps reached the study; Mr. Verity placed her in his own easy chair, and, taking one by her side, began in a low gentle voice, when her cough had ceased, to question her as to her circumstances. She had come from Ireland; she was a native of Fairly; she had left it many years; she had no friends in it; she was a widow; she had endeavoured to get to Fairly, that

she might see her father and get his pardon before her death.

"But you have no friends in Fairly."

"No, I did not know my father was dead."

"Who was your father?"

"Cornelius Ferns."

"And your mother's name?"—"Was Hallett."

"Then I know your story; don't distress yourself to speak more; you are not fit to be sitting up. Have you any means of support? Where did you intend to rest to-night?"

She had a few shillings left; she had hoped to have found refuge with her father in the Union, but was so overcome with the news of his death, which had been abruptly communicated by a boy in the village, that she felt incapable of going further, and had determined to ask the clergyman to give her an order for admission to the Union, that she might be taken there at once to die.

She became much excited when she spoke of her father's death, and the cough returned with violence. She spoke of herself with deep abhorrence, as having been the cause, in part, of his end; but on this point it was evident her feelings were too strong to allow her to say much. Mr. Verity soothed her; he told her for the present she must not dwell on these things; she must make use of such means as could be obtained to relieve her cough and restore her health, (at this she shook her head ominously.)

"I will see what can be done for you," he said; "rest here till I return;" and he went to seek his wife.

"Henrietta, my love, this poor woman—she is the daughter of that poor man I buried from the Union, don't you remember?"

Yes, Mrs. Verity said she did remember.

"Well, what can I do with her?" she is too ill to be moved far; I am sure she has death in her face."

"Oh dear, Charles, where is she? not in the house, surely? You don't mean to keep her to die in the house!" For once, Betty, who was laying the cloth, and heard the conference, was on her mistress's side of the question, and averred that there was no room in the house where she could be put, and if she was so near to die, the sooner she went somewhere else the better."

"Poor thing!" said Mr. Verity, his heart quite full; "well, I will go out and see what can be done." He quickly sought the cottage of Anna Grey; to her he briefly told the story, and gained her ready assent to lodge her in her chamber, which Anna seldom used, as the downstairs room suited her infirmity better.

"And, Anna, you won't tell Mrs. Blotherby who she is—at any rate, not yet?"

"No, sir; my neighbour is not so great with me as to have knowledge of what goes on in my house."

"I will see that all necessary bedding and such things shall be brought," said Mr. Verity, in high spirits at his success.

Highly delighted was Mrs. Verity when she found an asylum was provided; and all the comforts that the sick could want were promised in plenty. And Betty, whose heart had been visited with sore con-

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punction by the tone and look which accompanied her dear master's words, "Poor thing!" as if they had cast a reflection on the hard-heartedness of herself and her mistress, showed an unusual zeal in airing sheets, and other preparations.

"I'll help her in, sir," she said, with a deprecating tone that spoke volumes of repentance.

"I think she will want us both, Betty. I will take one side and you the other; we will take her in at once, and she can lie on Anna's bed while hers is getting ready; the cough has exhausted her so much, that she seems powerless to move."

With a woman's tenderness Mr. Verity half carried the poor fainting woman to Anna's cottage, Betty assuming the office of helper on the other side, and looking earnestly desirous of making up for her past delinquencies by her future concessions.

As they passed Mrs. Bletherby's cottage, that worthy dame presented herself, looking with intense curiosity towards the face of the dying woman, which, however, lay too much on Mr. Verity's shoulder to be discerned. "Dear me, ma'am," she said to Betty; "somebody very ill, I suppose?"

"I suppose so," said Betty, rather gruffly.

"Would you let me, sir," she said, coming forward to Mr. Verity with her eyes still in the direction of the face. "Let you stand aside just now," he said; "the less talking the better, and we want no help, thank you."

Mrs. Bletherby retired into her house, like the little woman in the weather houses when a storm is coming, but it was in a state of agony from curiosity that can only be conceived by a veteran gossip.

When Mr. Verity had seen the poor woman laid on the bed, he told her he would return in the afternoon and bring a doctor; in the meantime he gave her a little wine from a small bottle he had brought, thinking it might be needed, and charged Anna not to open her door to any one but himself or Betty.

"Quite safe, sir," said Anna.

"And," he whispered, "don't let her know who your neighbour is."

Anna shook her head; and, begging the sick woman to try and sleep, he and Betty left.

The moment they had passed Mrs. Bletherby's door it opened, and she tapped lightly at her neighbour's: there was no answer; she went to the window: the curtain was drawn; while she was considering what next to do, she heard the window of the chamber open, and Anna's voice from it inquiring her business.

In much astonishment she looked up, and she might have seen a little amusement in Anna's comely but sharp old face, as she looked down upon her like the kid upon the wolf, in the fable.

"Oh, Anna, you up there? well, I thought you'd got a mortal trouble on you with a sick friend, and I'd see if I could do a turn for you."

"Very good of you, neighbour, but I haven't any particular thing to do just now; my friend's asleep, I hope, and I want her to keep so."

Anna was disappearing; but Mrs. Bletherby, almost breathless, cried out in a loud whisper,

"Is it an *old* friend, your son's sister-in-law, that was in a declinable way?"

"No," said Anna, going in again.

"It isn't your cousin, that married the butler at the Hall."

Anna shook her head, with a half waggish look; and, intimating that she was afraid of the noise, closed the window.

Oh, Mrs. Bletherby! some few scores did Anna Grey pay you back by this merciless refusal to enlighten you. Determining not to let the next chance escape, the foiled gossip withdrew to watch at her door.

MY ADVENTURE IN A PINE WOOD.

My last cruise was in new waters, and very cold waters, and on very important business. It was no less than in pursuit of Russians, with whom our country was then at war. We failed to catch them at Pietropaulovski, and we vainly chased them round the peninsula of Kamtschatka into the Sea of Okotsk, and, as a forlorn hope, we rushed to the mouth of the Amoor River in pursuit of them.

It was well on in June, and yet the cold was intense; and, as we coasted along, we found the region still wearing its arctic vesture of fine white snow and olive-tinted ice. The service on which we were engaged was intensely interesting to all on board our ship, which was a steam sloop, in fine working order, prepared for any emergency, provided with machinery for cutting through polar obstructions, and having a Lancaster gun on her deck. The escape of our prey was a special hardship. Resolved to do something, we made for Aien, and, in spite of fog and frost, steered our course for the unknown shores of Saghalier.

Chinese cartography is in a very crude state, and, worse still, may be charged with a *souppon* of humbugging. Having, therefore, no better guide, we took to the old rule of the three I's, and by "lead, latitude, and look-out," we proceeded on our anti-Muscovite expedition.

It was a regular play at "hide and seek," but without the cry of "day," or the pleasant hint of "hot and hotter," that enhances the interest in the true game. No signs of the foe; no clue to lead us in our race. The entrance of a harbour, and the grand promise of shelter in the deeply indented shore, were welcome sights, as we turned in from open sea to search the waters that flow round the head of the long island of Saghalier and unite the Sea of Okotsk with the Gulf of Tartary.

My duties were in the civil department of the naval service, and I therefore enjoyed an amount of leisure not allowed to those employed in working the ship or watching for the Russians. A square inch of land is at any time more interesting to me than a thousand cubic miles of ocean, with all its treasures and beauties. I was longing for pedestrian exercise, even on an ice-float, when it was announced that, with next flowing tide, we were to enter a bay where the Russians were suspected

to be secreted. It was an exciting anticipation, and had the good effect of warming us all up a little. The very idea of a run on shore promoted our circulation; and it was intensely interesting to find ourselves surmounting a formidable sand-bar that protected the inlet, and not one of our squadron able to follow us. Alone, we dared the encounter, and we had it. We met the ships, but not the foe. It was a blunt, dull sort of triumph. There lay before us the enemy's vessels, abandoned to our mercy. Nothing to fight with, no one to beat. We just paddled round them, wondering "how they got there," and by what art and tact they did that which our fleet was unable to accomplish.

By this time I was thoroughly tired of Russians, and all about them. We had got enough of their forsaken forts, and were weary of picking up mementoes of unresisted visits to their haunts. There was something more than disappointment attending all this useless business; it was sadly painful. The sight of homes deserted is more suggestive of tender memories to common men than "banquet halls" to poets; and any one who has done a campaign in an enemy's country, will bear witness that it inclines the feelings more to peace than war. Once, a cradle, bearing the still warm impression of a baby's form, gave me a strong parental twitch, and took all desire for "looting" out of my mind, for that time, and I could see that it considerably subdued the destructiveness of the very boldest of my companions.

But the incidents of our cruise are not my present subject, and I pass on to tell how we used our rare powers of penetrating, and managed to come to close quarters with the land, in a manner it was evidently quite unused to. Though led by no further traces of Russians, we entered many creeks and bays. One of these, in latitude 49° N., was of such magnitude, that we determined to explore it, and as no hydrographer that we knew of mentions it, we gave it the name of our hardy little steamer, and, as we passed the points of its headlands, we called the capes after each other, according as the honour of discovering was claimed. A land-locked basin bears my patronymic; and I judge that my brother officers were gratified by similar connections. There was much interest, at least, in our labours. We were doing something, after all; this sort of work would record our names in the geographies, if not the histories of our children.

We anchored in a secure haven, between tracts of country in a perfectly primeval condition. On landing with a companion, we found the soil was still fast in icy bondage, though the short summer of the region was approaching rapidly. Our road was excessively slippery and dangerous. Often as we took one step forward, we glided back two, so our progress was something like circle sailing. We fetched several points east to make one north, and our motion would have been skating if it were not climbing. Sword canes did duty for leaping-poles, and we ascended a declivitous beach, and arrived on a platform, from which we could view the interior of the country. As far as the eye could see all was thick wood.

"Glorious primeval forest!" exclaimed I, with suitable gesticulation. The sound passed so rapidly

through the air, that my companion, at a distance of a hundred yards, turned round, as if I had a string to him and had pulled it.

"Who are you roaring at? I'm not deaf," said he, in a huffy tone.

The polar phenomena connected with acoustics were not unfamiliar to me. I had been in an atmosphere like this before; but it was my friend Buffer's first realization of the curiosities of hearing in high latitudes. On shipboard they are not so perceptible, pneumatic forces having many deadening influences, arising from the combination of depressing circumstances. I do not remember that it is much remarked by sailors, though certainly we often notice the distinctness with which we hear noises, especially during night, on board.

We went on, walking briskly over a thick mat of vegetation, now crusted with ice, and a few steps brought us into a brushwood that was less subdued, and more rebellious against our aggressions. The energy necessary to penetrate these barriers is often the offspring of the irritating effect of cold on the system. A lazier fellow than Buffer does not sleep in a hammock; yet he rose to the occasion this time, and it amazed me to see him "take arms" and legs against this sea of bushes, and "by opposing rend them."

Once in for it, we gaily gave push for push, and bore all the rubs and scratches that awaited our endeavours on every side. Dog-rose thickets were struggled through, junipers grasped at, chrysanthemums waded into, and, among all these, we saw many little faces that we had known in childhood. Wood blossoms gleamed in the openings our feet made, and in the soundings, through vegetable deposits, of our depths in leaf mould and height over true soil, we saw some lovely forms, recognised as natives also of other lands, and seen before in far different circumstances. The Alpine plants of the colder temperate zone and sub-arctic growth were about our path abundantly, and it was pleasant to find them thriving and surviving in the rigours of a climate that must soon be borne by that all-enduring being, man.

"Dog-rose pie is very good; is there anything to eat in rhododendrons?" inquired Buffer, eagerly.

"Can't say; there's no knowing what our cook may get out of them; let us try him." We set to work, and buds as large as the biggest cauliflower in Covent Garden Market were piled up. Valerian is not an agreeable potherb, but it is a very useful medicine, so I gathered a heap of it, and altogether we had a collection that would have loaded a costermonger's cart, though probably it would have tempted very few customers to forsake Brussels sprouts and curled greens.

Leaving our prizes to await our return, we proceeded on our walk, and reached a point where the grace and beauty of the birches claimed special regard; a profusion of larches, willows, and azaleas adorned the skirt of the wood, but no tribe of shrubs claimed our attention so much as the spiral, darting, sky-aspiring birch. It thrust its slender stems before us everywhere, and yet it rose to an altitude quite surpassing any estimate I had ever formed of its pretensions.

All this time we could see our floating home, whenever we looked back; but, as we warmed to our exercise, and fell to admiring plants, shrubs, and trees, we gave over retrospection, and pressed forward.

Our stomachs told dinner hour, and Buffer thought of unpacking his knapsack. I was so busy examining the trees, that the monitions of my faithful function were in danger of being disregarded; and as I thought of splendid specimens of *Pinus larix*, *P. cembra*, *P. abies*, and various and sundry other wonders of coniferous growth, he babbled of "fire-wood," and condemned the whole plantation, as not comparable, in fuelish qualities, to the package of charcoal he had brought in his portable stove.

The most advanced pioneer in the march of discovery does not get out of the rank of the appliances of modern science. We sat down to a snug little dinner. We had very accurately apportioned our provisions to our wants; there remained no fragments; and this was a source of regret, as we were anxious to cultivate the acquaintance of monkey-like squirrels, of species unknown to us, that were coming about us in rather numerous variety. Squirrels, martens, and foxes, were very plentiful in the neighbourhood, and the presence of a few bears might be suspected.

The overhanging branches teemed with life. Little ugly animals, like rats, were running up and down, and over and across, and their movements were very exciting; one could not help expecting them to mistake a person for a tree: but this did not happen; and, to our surprise, they did not run up our legs or dart over our shoulders. The squirrels were highly amusing, leaping, and climbing, and exhibiting their queer shapes and figures. Thus occupied, we scarcely noticed that the evening was closing, although it was time to think of returning to our ship.

Buffer had undertaken to mark trees as we came on, and I had left it to him to do, occupying my mind entirely in observation. To him, therefore, fell the duty of finding the way home, and, to my consternation and his own, he professed utter incompetence to perform it. We were bad back-woodsmen, could not follow our own trail, nor hold on to the least clue to help us to retrace our path.

Both of us had forgotten our pocket-compasses; and we felt truly disconsolate, as we withdrew our respective hands from a vain search for them in their usual places.

The spot where we stood was closely embowered in pine boughs. Between the interlaced tracery of the innumerable branches came glimpses of fading light, and obscurity enveloped our minds and persons. Neither of us could tell, for the life of us, from which point we had entered the seclusion, and what opening we should take to get out of it.

"We came in by those trees with the rusty arms sticking out there," was Buffer's opinion, while I was as positive that these faced me, as I arrived through an opposite aperture.

Our contradiction was strangely amicable; we were each so anxious to prove the other right, that we accepted any evidence as better than our own

memory, and, to arrive at certainty, pursued every investigation suggested by any idea that crossed either of our minds.

Round every tree we sought for "our mark;" and, so confusingly similar were the whole lot, that we found it impossible to decide where our labour begun or ended.

In this state of perplexity we adopted every expedient to raise a human sound above the din of vocalization that increased as darkness thickened. We called, shouted, halloed, roared, screamed, bawled, yelled, and produced oral effects that would have terrified every rational hearer. Though, at the time, they seemed only ordinary efforts of nature to obtain the help of fellow creatures, the memory of them is yet lingering somewhere in the sinuosities of my aural organ, and, whenever I recall it, my teeth are set on edge at the thought of the sound.

The foliage over us grew horribly dense. It was shutting down like a close cover. We felt at the bottom of a depth. An idea arose that we might reach the surface by using our mastheading powers, and, going up a tree, to try to look a-head. I was the first to mount, and the climbing was unparalleled in my experience, as boy or man.

Shoving my shoulders through a tangled web of pines, I got a view of the world, in that locality, as it lay under the strange-looking heavens that encircle the northern parts of our earth. The sky over our happy England is a very different thing from the expanse that met my gaze as I emerged from my leafy bath. But it was not above there I was seeking for help; it was for anything that I could find beneath it, to rest my hopes of home on, that I eagerly used my straining vision.

About me on every side, far as eye could reach, stretched a vast, dull, unbroken, monotonous, slightly undulating, but immoveably still, region of thick wood! A world of trees! No sea! No ship! No hope!

I came down by my gravity, figuratively and literally. I forget the particulars of my descent, though my person and clothing retained the marks thereof for some time; but the remembrance of the heavy heart which sank me to zero, will never leave me. I stood again beside my poor companion. Again we paused, and, after silent meditation, it seemed that we both arrived at the same conclusion, in the same length of time; and the same words burst simultaneously from both our lips.

"We're done for!" was our spoken sentiment at last, and we then confessed that, from the moment that we discovered our error about the tree marks, we had been under that impression.

We were not single men. I believe that, at that moment, we should have been happier if we had. It was of our wives and little ones we thought, as our doom dawned on us, and about them we groaned, as the fate we dreaded seemed sealed against us.

We separated, instinctively, tacitly.

I withdrew round a tree trunk, and, leaning my head against its well clothed side, felt my brain swim, and an indescribable sensation come over

me. I must cry or die. The first had it, as the second certainly did not occur, but no consciousness of how I vented my emotions remains with me. Never since, or before, has such a commotion occurred in my soul, or disturbed the functions of my mortal frame. I've been in the heat of action, without swerving a nerve. I've sailed in storms that threatened awful death; but the placid misery of that moment is unique in my life, and I trust that the gloomy shadow that heralds the coming of the king of terrors will never again bring me such horror. My present trouble was soon lost in thoughts of home, and of eternity. * * * Gradually, unconsciousness intervened.

The loud boom of a gun rung the leafy canopy of our living tomb. I awoke and stood upon my feet! Where! How! What!

Every demonstration that had or had not sense in it, came rushing from the two pair of lips that lately were so speechless. We embraced each other violently, and were for some minutes as incompetent from joy as we had been from fear.

Another gun! and yet another! and oh, how close! At our right side, undoubtedly! Manfully we dashed through the thicket, and a few powerful pushes got us out of it; and there we saw our own old brine, offering a friendlier home than the earth we had coveted so earnestly.

About a mile to westward sat our smiling vessel, waving us to her warm shelter, with the tongue by which she tells her will to the enemy, her want to the friend, and declares her respect for her ruler.

It was quickly perceptible that my masthead experience was defective. I had blundered egregiously in taking my bearings from the tree top. The inlet was a hollow, and I had forgotten to estimate it as a sunk fence in the landscape. There it was, under our lee, near enough to reach in half an hour, even with all our impediments.

Buffer and I, in silent concord, cast a veil over the whole circumstance.

We did not even speak of it to each other; and from that day to this I have never told the sufferings of our adventure in the pine-wood to even my most intimate friend.

WASHINGTON UNDER A WAR-ASPECT.

In a recent number we quoted a description of the city of Washington during the excitement of a Presidential election. It has since been the scene of the sterner alarms of war. The correspondent of one of the leading London papers thus commenced his first communication on arriving in the "city of magnificent distances."

"Fancy one of the noblest Grecian edifices in the world, perched on the stately brow of a tree-clad eminence, and in every direction dominating an extensive plain, washed by two majestic rivers. Long avenues run for miles, like the radii of a circle, from every quarter under heaven up to this stately building, which is of course the national Capitol. From the building itself a magnificent view greets the eye; not only a land flowing with milk and honey, and the richly-wooded banks of the

Potomac, as it threads its silver way to the sea, but also many signs of the times, in the shape of encampments, nestling amidst groves of trees, and blending not inharmoniously, could their mission be forgotten, with the leafy beauties of the scene. Forty thousand men environ the city; every height on the northern side of the river is held with an iron grasp; the bridges are guarded night and day; horses and horsemen stand ready accoutred to convey flying artillery in any direction, and the whole city is in fact a camp.

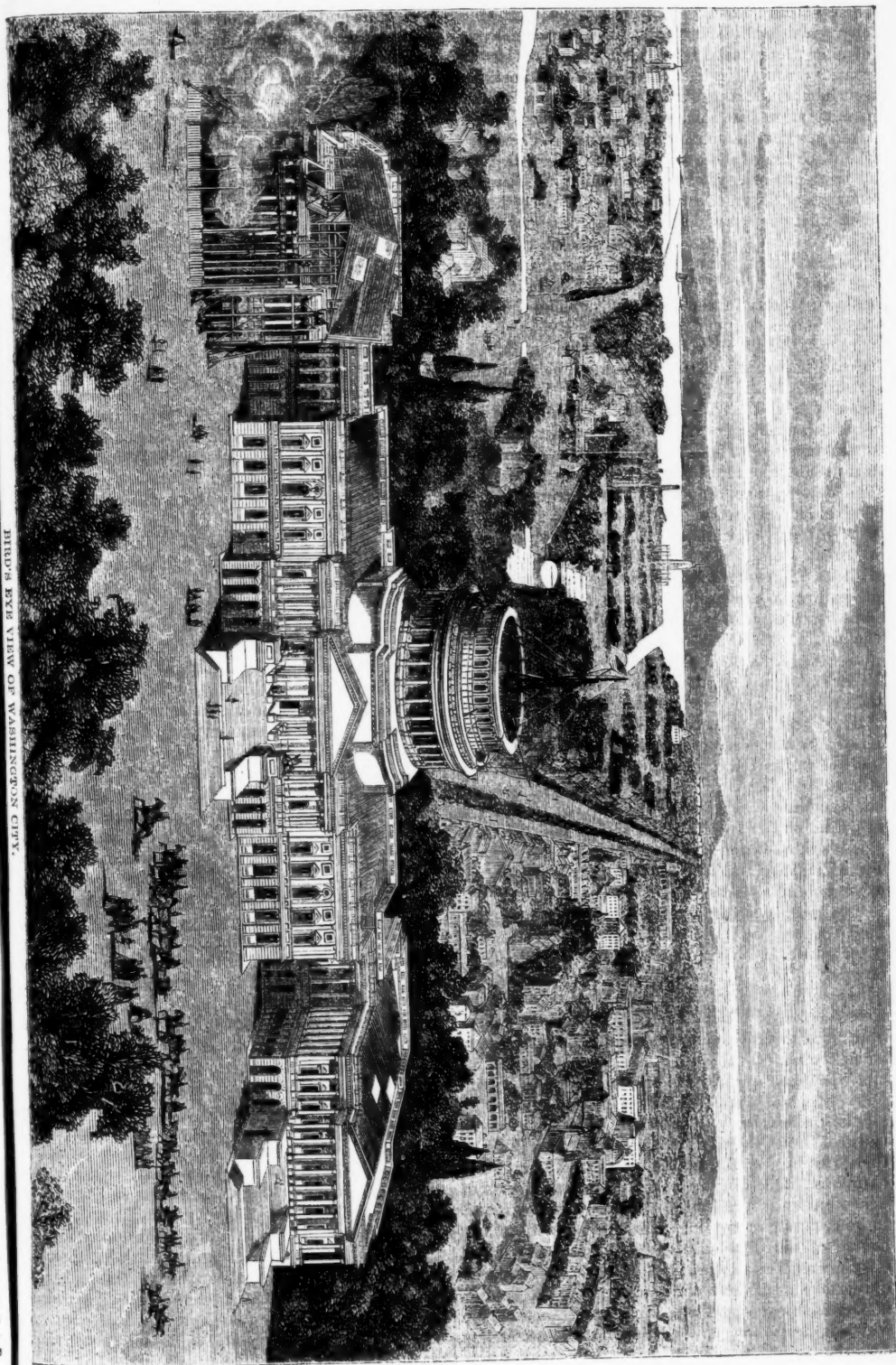
* Why do these steeds stand ready dight?
Why watch these warriors armed by night?
They watch to hear the bloodhound baying;
They watch to hear the war-horn braying;
They watch against Southern force and guile.*

"And yet, after this general description of the scene, truth compels me to add that the first and the last impression which Washington conveys to the stranger's mind is one of utter desolation.* It is a magnificently ambitious conception of a city, in harmony with the most expansive 'spread eagle' views of American progress; but its effect is at first bewildering and then disappointing. There probably never was a moment during its existence when the city was fuller and more excited, or showed itself to better advantage; yet your feeling here is the same as when a child puts on his father's hat. The Capitol and the other huge public buildings dwarf the rest of the houses into inexpressible insignificance. The vast length and breadth of the avenues, their rugged and tumbled pavements, the few and sparse houses scattered along them, are suggestive of poverty and incompleteness, and the mind flies with relief to the recollection of a seat of government occupying the national metropolis, and giving while it derives splendour from it."

Our readers may like to have further details about the city and its past history. Washington, the capital of the United States of America, is situated in the district of Columbia, and contains a population of above 40,000 inhabitants. It is seated on a beautiful rising ground, at the confluence of the Potomac and Anacostia. The district of Columbia was formed by an Act of Congress in 1790. It consisted originally of two portions of the territory of the States of Maryland and Virginia, containing a square of ten miles, on an area of one hundred square miles. In the year 1846 the small tract of land, given by Virginia to the Union, was returned to that State. The present district of Columbia is confined to the Maryland side of the Potomac, and has an area of about sixty square miles. It is a neutral territory, and is solely under the government of Congress.

The city of Washington was selected as the future seat of the Government, at the suggestion of the great leader of the war of American Independence whose name it bears. It is situated in a beautiful locality, finely diversified with hill and dale. On the east it is bounded by the Eastern Branch river, on the north it is separated from Georgetown, by a stream called the Rock-creek, while the Tiber-creek bends its way through the city. In the suburbs

* Our illustration is taken, by permission, from the sketch of the "Illustrated London News" artist.



PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEW OF WASHINGTON CITY.

it is girdled with a range of wooded hills, dotted in some places with tasteful villas. The plan of the city, as originally laid out, was nearly a parallelogram of about four miles by two and a half. Its open streets cross at right angles east, west, north and south, and are intersected with thirteen avenues, named after the thirteen original States of the Union. These avenues run from several centres in the direction of these States. Only a small part of the plan of the city has yet been filled up: it mostly consists of detached streets and clusters of houses. The chief portion which has been built lies between the President's house and the Capitol. The two great centres of attraction, and most striking points, are the Capitol and President's house, built on two rising grounds in the metropolis. The Capitol is erected on an eminence commanding a view of every part of the city, as well as of the surrounding district. The original plan of this noble building consisted of a centre and two wings. It has lately been enlarged and extended by two additional wings, and a larger central dome now in the course of erection. The foundation of the north wing was laid in the presence of General Washington, in 1798. The eastern part is adorned with a magnificent Corinthian colonnade. The Capitol is surrounded with extensive grounds, of about thirty acres in extent, tastefully planted and laid out for promenades. This magnificent building has been erected at enormous expense, and when finished will perhaps be the most imposing parliamentary seat in the world. Within the Capitol are the Senate-house, the Chamber of the Supreme Courts, the Rotunda, the Congressional Library, and other offices.

The President's house, familiarly termed over the United States the "White House," from its being built of white freestone, is a splendid mansion two stories in height, crowned with a balustrade, and surrounded with extensive pleasure grounds, tastefully laid out. In the same square with the President's house are fine buildings erected for the State Treasury, the War and Navy Department, and other public business.

The Washington monument, now erecting on the Mall between the White House and the river, is another striking object in the city. It is a large circular edifice 100 feet high, and about 250 feet in diameter, adorned with colonnades. From its centre rises a tapering obelisk shaft, 70 feet square at the base, and 500 feet high. This large monument when completed will be about 600 feet in height, and will be an appropriate ornament to the Capitol. Our space will not permit us to do more than to allude to the other public buildings of the city—to the Post Office, the City Hall, the Columbian College, the Washington Arsenal, and several handsome churches. One of the most remarkable features of Washington is the large extent of vacant ground to be seen on every side. Much of it will in the course of time be built up, while a considerable portion has been allotted for public parks and places of relaxation. About a mile north-east of the Capitol is the Navy-yard on the Eastern Branch river, which is deep enough along the shore to accommodate the largest vessels. There is a communication

by water, between the city and the interior parts of Virginia and Maryland, for upwards of two hundred miles, through one of the most healthy and fruitful regions in the United States of America.

It is curious to observe the different aspects in which Washington appears to our English tourists. Basil Hall writes, in 1827: "This singular capital is so much scattered, that scarcely any of the ordinary appearances of a city strike the eye. Here and there ranges of building are starting up; but by far the greater number of the houses are detached from each other. The streets—where streets there are—have been made so unusually wide, that the connection is quite loose, and the whole affair—to use the quaint simile of a friend in Washington—looks as if some giant had scattered a box of child's toys at random on the ground."

We have also an amusing sketch from the pen of Charles Dickens, at a considerably later period. He writes thus:—"Take the worst parts of the City Road and Pentonville, preserving all their oddities, but especially the small shops and dwellings occupied there (but not in Washington) by furniture brokers, keepers of poor eating houses, and fanciers of birds. Burn the whole down; build it up again in wood and plaster; widen it a little; throw in a part of St. John's Wood; put green blinds outside all the private houses, with a red curtain and a white one in every window. Plough up all the roads; plant a great deal of coarse turf in every place where it ought to be; erect three handsome buildings in stone and marble anywhere, but the more entirely out of anybody's way the better. Call one the Post Office, one the Patent Office, and the other the Treasury. Make it scorching hot in the morning, and freezing cold in the afternoon, with an occasional tornado of wind and dust. Leave a brickfield without the bricks in all central places, where a street may naturally be expected, and that's Washington. It is sometimes called 'the city of magnificent distances,' but it might, with greater propriety, be termed the city of magnificent intention; for it is only on taking a bird's-eye view of it from the top of the Capitol that we can at all comprehend the vast designs of its projector—an aspiring Frenchman. Spacious avenues, that begin in nothing and lead nowhere. Streets a mile long, that only want houses, roads, and inhabitants. Public buildings, that need but a public to be complete, and ornaments of great thoroughfares, which only lack great thoroughfares to ornament, are its leading features. One might fancy the season over, and most of the houses gone out of town for ever with their masters. To the admirers of cities it is a Barmecide's feast—a pleasant field for the imagination to rove in."

Mrs. Trollope, who visited Washington about the year 1827, gives us the following sketch of Washington, which we admire for its sound discrimination, and for the brightness of its tone. "The whole aspect of Washington, light, cheerful, and airy, reminded me of our fashionable watering-places. It has been laughed at by foreigners, and even by natives, because the original plan of the city was on an enormous scale, and but a very small part of it has yet been executed; but I con-

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less I see nothing ridiculous about it. The original design, which is as beautiful as it is extensive, has been in no way departed from; and all that has been done is done well. The houses are scattered, but without losing sight of the original plan; and to a person who has been travelling much through the country and marked the immense quantity of new manufactures, new canals, new railroads, new towns, and new cities, which are springing from the earth in every part of it, the appearance of the metropolis, rising gradually into life and splendour, is a spectacle of high historic interest."

The seat of government was removed from Philadelphia to Washington in 1800, during the presidency of John Adams. The city was incorporated by an Act of Congress, passed on the 3rd of May, 1802, and by a supplementary Act, in 1812. The corporation consists of a mayor, a board of aldermen, and a board of common council. A new charter, granted in 1820, still farther extended the privileges of the citizens of the capital in the election of their public officials. Washington is pleasant and salubrious, and is laid out on a plan which, when completed, will make it one of the most handsome and commodious cities in the world. It has been steadily increasing in its population, though not at the rapid and surprising rate of many of the commercial and leading cities of the United States. In the year 1800, the population of the capital was only 3210; in the year 1810, it rose to 8208; in 1820, it increased to 13,247; in 1830, to 18,827; in 1840, to 23,364; and in 1850, the population amounted to 40,001.

Washington has neither an extensive commerce, nor a thriving trade, nor an opulent court, to swell its revenue, and to enhance its splendour, as in the capitals of Europe. Its chief importance arises from its being the seat of the government, and the residence of the various government officials. It has not the throng and bustle to be found in the streets of New York, Pennsylvania, and other cities in the Union, but is a great aristocratic seat for the national Congress, and the executive powers of the state.

The people of Washington consist chiefly of the members of Congress, and the public officials of the government, and foreign ambassadors, with such professional men, tradesmen, mechanics, and others (with their families), as are needed to minister to their comfort. The tone of society in the capital is different from that of other cities in the Union, and has a greater resemblance to the great cities of Europe. It is not so much a seat of learning and commerce as a theatre of politics and pleasure. Here we have fashionable amusements as in Europe: balls, soirées, theatres, routs, and promenades. There are not so many ladies to be seen, as the members of Congress are not in the habit of bringing their families—their mothers, sisters, wives, and daughters—to the capital. During the sitting of Congress the streets are generally enlivened by citizens and visitors from the provinces, and from all parts of the world, who come to visit the Congress of the Great Western Republic.

We here briefly notice the political causes which led to the seat of Congress being transferred from

Philadelphia to Washington. The thirteen original States of America gained their independence in the year 1782. At that time the government of the United States was a confederacy—a compact of sovereign States united to each other by articles of confederation. This was the language of 1781. This league was not ratified by the people, but by the State Governments. The central administrative board was a diet of envoys from sovereign States, and had no power to act on the individuals of these States. At the close of the war of American independence they collapsed into weakness and anarchy, from which they were rescued by their wise statesmen, Washington, Franklin, Madison, and Jay. A new constitution was drawn up at Philadelphia, by the convention of 1787, over which Washington presided, when a commonwealth was established. This constitution was an organic law enacted by the sovereign people of the various States acting in its own legislative, judicial, and executive capacity, by which the commonwealth was intrusted with the lives and property of the citizens. Having been adopted by the national convention on that occasion, after several months' grave deliberation, it was accepted by the people over the various States of the Union. On this ground the government and the constitutional party in the northern States regard the southern slaveholding States not as secessionists but as rebels.

In harmony with this new constitution, dissolving the confederacy of sovereign States and forming the people into a grand commonwealth, President Washington proposed to remove the national congress from Philadelphia to the district of Columbia, which was more expedient, being a neutral territory and in a more central position of the Union.

We shall now resume the history of the city of Washington. In the month of August, 1814, it was taken by the British troops, under General Ross and Admiral Cockburn, who set fire to the Capitol, the President's house, and most of the public buildings. It may be interesting to our readers to furnish them with a recital of this daring military enterprise.

On the 24th of that month, General Ross and Admiral Cockburn entered Chesapeake Bay with a squadron of ships carrying a military force of 3500 troops of the line and marines, with 200 sailors to draw the guns. Their object was to retaliate on the Americans for their outrages perpetrated on the people of Canada. They were represented as having burned the town of York, (now called Toronto,) the capital of Upper Canada, on a cold wintry night; with having plundered the property of the governor, and with having committed other excesses. The British squadron approached Washington by the Patuxent. The troops and seamen disembarked at Benedict, with three small pieces of artillery, and with provisions for three days, and marched on to the capital of a republic with eight millions of a population and possessing a large army of 800,000 soldiers. The American officer, General Winder, was timely aware of their approach. He had 16,600 soldiers under his command to protect the capital, and a large army of militia was expected from Pennsylvania and Virginia. Of the

16,600 troops at his disposal he could only muster 6500 bayonets, 300 dragoons, and 600 seamen, with 26 pieces of artillery, when he encountered the British soldiers. Still, his military force was double that of his enemy. The Americans were routed, and fled in confusion to Washington, and hurried through the city to the heights of Georgetown to the westward, leaving the capital in the power of the British. General Ross pressed on to Washington, leaving 2000 men in the suburbs. With the rest of the troops he and Admiral Cockburn marched into the city. The officials of the American government offered a sum of money to General Ross to spare the public buildings, which was declined. On the following morning the British general set them on fire, and the Capitol, the President's mansion, the Library of Congress, the Treasury, War Office, and other public edifices were wrapt in devouring flames, and left a mass of charred ruins. One private house near to the Capitol was also set on fire, as one of the inmates had shot down the general's horse. The Navy-yard and Arsenal, with large magazines of powder, were set on fire by the American soldiers on their way through the city on the previous day, when 200,000 stand of arms were also destroyed. Having fired the public buildings and warlike stores, they left the city on the evening of the 25th, and leisurely embarked on the 29th, and set sail from Benedict, after having inflicted a severe retribution on the American capital for excesses committed in Canada.

These public edifices were afterwards rebuilt and repaired. The foundations of the centre of the Capitol were laid on 24th August, 1818, and the city was restored to more than its former magnificence. Since then, the government of the United States has been conducted at Washington by a long line of able presidents and sage counsellors, and the halls of its congress have rung with the mighty eloquence of Clay, and Webster, and other illustrious statesmen and orators, who have done honour to their country.

In January, 1860, the star-spangled banner of the Union floated peacefully in the capital, over thirty-three federal States, one district, and five unorganized territories. The President ruled over a broad territory extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and from the British possessions to the Gulf of Mexico, peopled by thirty millions of people—twenty-six millions of freemen and four millions of slaves. On the recent election of Mr. Lincoln to the presidency of the Union, when the republican or anti-slavery party in the Union gained the ascendancy, the southern slaveholding States summarily withdrew from the Union. They have since adopted a new constitution at Montgomery, and selected Mr. Davis as their president. They have forcibly taken possession of several ports, and of stores and arms belonging to the Union. They have seized the mints and several of the public records, captured soldiers of the Union, and threatened to occupy the capital. The Union is now virtually rent asunder.

How different is the present aspect of Washington from what it was twenty years ago, at the installation of President Harrison, as described in the nar-

rative already referred to. How bright and hopeful then! how sad and menacing now! The commonwealth then was united, and prosperous, and happy; now it is torn with discord and dark passions, and involved in the horrors of a revolting fratricidal war. As we look on the picture then, we see the greatest republic the world ever saw, enjoying a free constitution, rising in moral and commercial greatness, and swelling in commanding power; now the scene is changed, and the thunder-cloud of war looms over an angry and divided people. How happy the federal family then, with her citizens and their representatives enjoying liberty, fraternity, and equality, assembling in their capital from the scattered and wide provinces of the Union, tinged with different climes and speaking different tongues! With what delight would they mingle in the jubilant scenes of the capital, and enter the free halls of their parliament; and, as they looked around them in the capital on the monuments of their country, how deep their veneration to the honoured and illustrious founders of their national independence! Now the capital appears as a hostile camp, resounding with the note of the war trumpet and the muster and tramp of armed men, and oppressed with the feverish expectation of wide extended scenes of blood and pillage. Nor can true peace be expected when slavery remains as a root of bitterness in a land of boasted freedom.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SOMERS ISLANDS.

CHAPTER VI.—MOORE'S CALABASH TREE.

I HAVE an infantine relish for picking up shells by the sea-side, so I lagged behind the rest of the party, as we retraced our steps to Moore's calabash tree, beneath which we were to dine. As I was strolling and stooping lazily along, I heard quick steps upon the sand, and in another moment Tom Smith was by my side, looking red and radiant: Tom and I were bosom friends.

"Well, old fellow, I told you so," he began.

"Told me what, Tom?"

"Why, that my next fall would be fatal."

"Your next fall! you don't mean to say you've—"

Well, without entering into details, which might disappoint my readers, who perhaps have been expecting some terrible tragedy, let it suffice to say, that I was "best man" to my friend Tom on that day six weeks, and a happier or a handsomer couple never pronounced the holy vows of fidelity and affection; and what's better, they kept them too, in the spirit as well as the letter, which is more than can be said of all vows of the like nature, notwithstanding the extra length of time some of them may have taken to arrive at maturity.

"The Roast Beef of Old England" was sounded by our bugles, and so, being accustomed to obey orders, we turned our steps towards the calabash tree. We were all hot and tired with our long walk, and with stumbling over the rocks in the caves, and we took our seats in the cool shade with an alacrity and pleasure which the sight of a goodly collation did not in any way lessen. It was a lovely

afternoon, such a one as belongs peculiarly to Bermuda—not tropical, for it was neither sultry nor breathless—not European, for it was neither oppressive nor damp. A soft breeze fanned our cheeks and rustled the leaves, as we sat and chatted cheerfully within the shadow of the poetic tree. The ripple of the waves almost at our feet; the distant song of the fishermen over the bright blue waters; the gay and beautiful plumage of the red and blue birds glancing amidst the lofty cedars; the wooded islands sleeping on the waves, and the white houses of St. George's glittering in the sunlight, altogether formed a sweetly beautiful and peaceful picture. No wonder that Tom Smith, with love in his heart, should have poetry in his head, whilst gazing upon so fairy like a scene.

The repast being ended, Commodore Jones arose: "Gentlemen, rise, if you please." We all arose. "The ladies who have honoured us with their presence here to-day," was then given with a grace which an alderman might have envied. Most enthusiastically was that toast responded to, and Mrs. Foljam, in the name of the assembled ladies, returned thanks in a neat and suitable speech, somewhat as follows:—

"I am sure, Mr. Jones, and gentlemen all, we are very much obliged to you for this treat. I have been to many a pic-nic beneath this tree, as you may suppose, being hard upon seventy years old, and I never saw so handsome a luncheon as this spread underneath it before—never; and so, thanking you again in the name of those ladies and in my own, I think I won't try to say any more, for I never was much of a hand at speechifying—never."

The worthy lady sat down amidst great applause, but was on her feet again in a moment. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen; I forgot to say that the rule is, that whoever dines under this tree, either sings a song or recites some lines of poetry."

A very pithy remark, I thought; and moreover, it proved that a lady's postscript to her speech deserves to be classed in the same category with the postscript to her letter.

"What is the penalty, Mrs. Foljam, if I decline both your propositions?" asked the Commodore.

"You will be left here to walk back to St. George's by the ferry; we can't take you home in the boat."

"But I never sang a song in my life, or repeated a line of poetry. I am not joking—I really never—"

Mrs. Foljam laughed a quiet silent laugh.

"Ah, I've heard that said so often; it quite reminds me of old times," was the discouraging reply.

"But, my dear madam, I assure you I don't know one single line of poetry or—"

"Dear, dear, you'll soon learn them, a clever young gentleman like you. Now, then, I'll begin; I can't sing; I could once pretty well, but my voice is quite cracked now, quite. The lines I am about to recite were written by Moore to a great friend of his, a Mr. Joseph Atkinson, whilst he was on this island, and after a pic-nic under this very tree too, for he told me so:—

"The daylight is gone, but before we depart
Our cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,
To the kindest, the dearest—oh! judge by the tear
That I shed while I name him, how kind and how dear!

"Twas thus by the shade of a calabash tree,
With a few who could feel and remember like me,
The charm, that to sweeten my goblet I threw,
Was a tear to the past and a blessing on you!"

"There, now, Mr. Jones, it's your turn," said Mrs. Foljam all in a breath, and without giving us time to applaud, which, however, we did; for the poetic sentiment in itself was good, and beautifully expressed.

Jones began to stammer out something, when Tom Smith came to the rescue. "He is not quite ready; allow me to repeat a few lines from the same ode, Mrs. Foljam, though I fear not with the same accuracy, with which you have delighted us."

After Tom's lines, suited to his circumstances, we had a song from one of the ladies, then more poetry, and so on; but still, our Commodore had never opened his lips, either to sing or to sigh. Where is he? gone, I do believe; stole away to avoid the ordeal. I looked around, but nowhere could I see the great commander.

"He is learning his part," whispered Tom; "I have scribbled down a few lines, and he is getting them by heart; look, yonder he is."

I did look; and sure enough there he was, walking sedately and solemnly backwards and forwards, amongst the cedar trees.

"Let him alone," said Tom, as I was getting up to look after him, "you'll only put him out; he'll be here directly; sit still; here he comes."

True enough, so he did. I thought I must have burst out laughing to see his face brimful of his lesson, which it evidently was, and the anxious frown upon his brow, as he strove to keep in what he had learned. Gibson was singing when the Commodore joined us; so he stole behind the trunk of the calabash tree, and continued his task afresh. The moment the song ceased, he stepped forth. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, with a graceful ease worthy of a true poet, rather than a mock one, "allow me to recite a few lines written by the poet under whose tree we have passed so pleasant a time, descriptive of his entrance into St. George's harbour. A murmur of approbation followed this elegant introduction; reassured by which, Commodore Jones, bowing with dignity, thus began:

"The morn was lovely, every wave was still,
When the first perfume of a Cedar hill
Sweetly awaked us, and with smiling charms,
The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms.
Gently we stole before the languid wind,
Through plantain shades, that like an awning twined,
And kiss'd on either side the sleeping sails,
Breathing our welcome to these vernal vales;
While, far reflected o'er the wave serene,
Each wooded island shed so soft a green,
That the enamour'd keel, with whispering play,
Through liquid herbage seem'd to steal its way!
Never did weary bark more sweetly glide,
Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide!"

Another bow, as much as to say "that's all," and the Commodore resumed his seat (cross-legged) upon the grass, and refreshed himself with a glass of "three-water grog," as he facetiously called a bumper of fizzing champagne, handed to him by his poetic tutor.

"Warm work, I can tell you," said the Commodore, "paying out the slack of a yarn like that; at a moment's notice too. Learning those verses of yours, Tom, was harder work than pulling."

"Well, you do look hot, Commodore, I must say," began Tom.

"Look hot!" I should rather think I did," replied he; "I haven't a dry rag upon me; I tell you I was in a perspiration the whole time I was walking up and down the quarter-deck—I mean between those trees there—learning my lesson."

"I tell you what," said Gibson; "not a bad way of training for our race with the darkies. Suppose we each learn a page of poetry every morning before breakfast, it would take all superfluous flesh off in a week; eh, Commodore?"

"It would take me off altogether in half that time, Johnny"—with a comic air of injured innocence in having been entrapped into his late arduous undertaking.

Mrs. Foljam was profuse in her compliments upon Mr. Jones's wonderful cleverness; she was sure he would soon write verses himself, he repeated them so beautifully, without missing a word, and quite as if he really understood what he was repeating, which she was sure she did not herself—verses were often so perplexing and round about in their meaning. She didn't believe that the poets themselves always know the meaning of their own verses, and so she told Mr. Moore.

"Had Mrs. Foljam seen Tom Moore? Did Mrs. Foljam know Tom Moore?"

"To be sure, my dears, I knew Mr. Moore very well; why should I not? It is not above—let me see—it is not above thirty years, if it's so much, since Thomas Moore visited these islands: and I am getting on for seventy, and have lived here ever since I was born, in the very house where I live now, too; of course I knew Thomas Moore quite well, and a very nice, pleasant man he was: as merry as a bird, and he made every one else merry. Dear me! how time flies, to be sure; it doesn't seem long to me since I sat under this very tree where we are now, and heard Thomas Moore recite some of his beautiful poetry, and sing some of his beautiful songs; and yet it was before most of you who are sitting round me were born."

Mrs. Foljam paused a few moments, and then continued: "No one can look back thirty years without some sad memories coming up into one's throat, as I may say, for I felt a choking there just now; but I am not going to sadden your young hearts with my old sorrows, I am sure; and they have nothing to do with Thomas Moore, either; but, as I was going to say, it was at one of those pic-nics where Mr. Moore had been delighting us all with his songs and with his poetry, that we made the law about obliging every one in future either to sing or to recite a bit of poetry, you know; and a very good law it is, I am sure, it makes everybody so pleasant and so pleased with each other. Now, there is Mr. Smith and my niece Fanny Blake, who were bowing to each other a few hours back as formal and as stiff as a couple of courtiers in the king's palace, seem as easy and comfortable together as though they had been

acquainted for years; nothing like a little mirth and innocent enjoyment for making young people acquainted, and for getting rid of coldness and formality, which I never could abide, though I am told it is very much thought of in England."

Dear old lady! innocent, unsophisticated old lady! I reverence thy memory as once I revered thyself. Formality and forwardness were alike distasteful to thee. Thy strong natural good sense told thee that the chill of the former was as unnecessary as the advance of the latter was objectionable. A demeanour kind but modest will not degenerate into either extreme.

Tom Smith told me afterwards that his ears had tingled, and felt as hot as though some one had just boxed them soundly, when Mrs. Foljam dragged him and Fanny Blake before our notice as living examples of the efficacy of "song" in promoting a good understanding, and breaking down the barriers of conventional coldness.

But to return to the calabash tree, which I have not yet quite done with. The sun had gone down, and the fire-flies had come up, and were glancing and glittering all around us. How hushed and still was the night as we pulled home across that beautiful harbour; beautiful in moonlight as in the broad glare of day—more beautiful in the eyes of many; the shadows so dark, the lights so soft, the effect altogether so solemn and yet so soothing; no wonder that even we, loquacious and merry though we were, sunk by degrees into silence.

There is something inexpressibly soothing to me in the mere fact of being on the water on a quiet still night. I turned my face upwards and gazed into the dark blue sky; the heavens were alive with light; myriads of stars were clustered together in the broad expanse, and the longer I looked the more I saw: they came out, as it were, by handfuls, till I positively fancied I was gazing into a mass of stars several feet thick; the young crescent-shaped moon was almost put out of countenance by the galaxy of glory which surrounded her. I turned my face downwards, and gazed into the dark blue waters. Ha! what do I behold? another luminous track; another pale and modest moon; truly the waters of Bermuda reflect, on their glassy surface, the glory of the sky as faithfully as in their transparent bosom they disclose the wonders of the deep. The peculiar noise of the cars as they turned in the rowlocks, and the dip of the blades in the calm water, added still more to the soothing influence of the scene; the courteous voice of the Commodore, as, with "allow me," he adjusted some fair one's shawl, and the low-toned "thank you" of the lady, sounded a long way off; a sweet, dreamy unconsciousness stole gently and imperceptibly over my entranced faculties, and—I slept.

A FEW DAYS IN HOLLAND.

SECOND PAPER.

We reached Leyden in the evening, and immediately commenced our explorations, unassisted by our friend the "commissionaire," whom we had left at the Hague. Almost the first thing that attracted

our attention was, that here there is even a greater proportion than usual of large fine houses. It is a good old Dutch town, sleepy and quiet, and would at once recall to the mind of every one who has read "Excelsior," Dr. Hamilton's reference to "the antique streets" of Holland, "so little altered since they felt the massive steps of ponderous divines, high-minded heroes, and lawyers learned in every code—Gomarus, Grotius, the De Witts, and the House of Orange Princes." And among these celebrities, although belonging to a later period, the Doctor might fairly have classed Boerhaave, who surely deserves, from his great skill, piety, and charity, his title of "the good physician." "The poor," said he, "are my best patients, for God is their paymaster."

We found out the person who has charge of the church of St. Peter's, and went over it, principally for the sake of those whose mortal remains there await the resurrection of the just. Boerhaave's monument is there, simple and unassuming as was his life, and it is believed that within its walls Robinson the Pilgrim Father was buried. We honour the Dutch because they gave an asylum to our English confessors, and held out to them the benefits of toleration, when our own country spurned them forth. There do not appear to be many memorials of the Pilgrim Fathers at Leyden. So little stir did they make in the place, that it is not *known* where they worshipped. Tradition points to a small edifice called the Jerusalem's Hof, in an obscure street, as their spiritual home, but no *evidence* of it is found. The building is both humble and ancient, and, if it were their place of worship, humble it must certainly have appeared to them, coming from England's splendid cathedrals. But the Dutch and the pilgrims agreed well upon the question of church decoration; for it is well known that when the former were against the Papacy, they completely stripped the churches of all ornamentation. And although we cannot decide whether or not, from under this roof, the sacrifice of prayer and praise ever ascended to the upper sanctuary from the little band of the forefathers of our spiritual liberty, we cannot but think it somewhat probable; and the place had great interest in our eyes on account of it.

The churches here are very lofty, and are surrounded by almshouses, backing on to the main walls of the buildings. The Dutch are a very charitable people; and, however much we may regret to see the symmetry of a building destroyed by these often ugly and usually ill-placed excrescences, they serve to show that the precepts of Christian benevolence, which are, we presume, enforced within the walls, are practically honoured outside.

When the churches have been seen, the principal buildings remaining, to which a visit should be paid, are the universities, the town hall, and the city gates. The walls which so long resisted the entrance of the Spaniards, in 1574, do not appear to exist any longer; but the rampart on which they stood has been planted with trees, now of a goodly size, and laid out as a park. The thickets are in some places very dense, and it makes a most delightful promenade, the belt of wood being of some thickness; the town on one side and a sluggish stream on the

other, which we suspect to be a branch of the Rhine, slowly finding its way to the German Ocean.

There are but few instances of patriotism excelling the defence of the cities of Alkmaar, Haarlem, and Leyden against the Spaniards. Inferior in discipline and appointments, and often vastly disproportioned in number, the Hollanders wearied and eventually overcame their enemies. In the case of Leyden, the townspeople were closely besieged for seven months. The Prince of Orange in vain attempted to take them succour, and famine rapidly strode on to them. When all the bread in the town had, as was thought, been long consumed, some loaves were accidentally discovered. It is said that they were not eaten, but were carried to the top of the walls, and hurled into the hostile camp. Coming from a people who were struggling for dead dogs, cats, and rats, was there ever a defiance more emphatic, more noble! No greater proof than this could have been given of their sincerity, as they cried to the Spaniards, "When provisions fail us, we will devour our left hands, reserving our right to defend our liberty." The Spaniards replied, that it was as impossible to prevent their taking Leyden as it was to pluck the stars from heaven. So far as human foresight served, they were right; but they did not take into their calculations the overruling providence of a God who laughs at the counsel of men, and of whom it was said by one of old, "Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." And in His own good time succour came, and the Spaniards fled for life. When the boats of provisions came through the gates, old men wept like children, and tears of joy and wild embraces mingled with the struggle to obtain the food which had been so long withheld. Many fell dead immediately, some from joy, some from choking. The pestilence alone, which had entered the city when the living could no longer bury the dead, had swept away 6000 persons.

The Leyden of 1574 was doubtless little different from that of to-day. The majority of the houses are of very great antiquity: everything seems of the past; and as the bright light of the moon streamed down on the old towers, which are constantly pouring forth their chimes, as stillness gradually crept over the old city, it needed no very vivid imagination to people the narrow streets and the banks of the canals with the pale faces and gaunt figures of men, women, and of children too, upon whom famine pressed hard, but who grasped their swords with all the more firmness, because they felt they were contending for right and truth, and they had strong faith in the promise, "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed." The heart must indeed be cold and unfeeling that can contemplate the horrors of that siege without praying, in the words of the Church Service, "Give peace in *our* time, O Lord."

After spending a day or two in Leyden, we went to Haarlem, and met with scenery of a more varied and interesting character. Who is there that has not some idea of a Dutch landscape, and before

whose eyes no vision rises of flat meadows grazed by large herds of the black and white cattle which alone seem to be found in Holland—meadows bordered by wide ditches, green as the meadows themselves with their covering of "groot," or duckweed, where the sedges and the reeds grow, and the water-rat and the frog disport themselves at their leisure? A recent writer tells us that the whole extent of land between Rotterdam and Amsterdam is a watery meadow, devoted to the pasture of oxen. And the statement, to a considerable extent, is true; for, although it is more correct to say the meadows have plenty of water than that they are *watery*, there is scarcely any arable land, and the pastures are tenanted almost exclusively by goats and these black and white oxen. Things seemed to look more pleasant at Haarlem; the grass was greener and smoother, the osiers brighter, and the round contented faces of the children more joyous and careless. With the appearance of the children we were constantly pleased; for who does not like to see the little ones clean, happy, and playful! and we often stopped to listen to their talk, and look at their odd style of dress.

A long and somewhat narrow street runs from the railway station at Haarlem to the centre of the town, and when it terminates, in the large open square, a striking prospect reveals itself. On the right is the Police Office, an old-fashioned edifice of red brick with white facings, and the Hotel de Ville, boasting of an antiquity of more than 300 years. Just in front is the statue of Coster, to whom the Dutch persist in ascribing the merit of having discovered the art of printing. And then, towering far above every other object, the cathedral church of St. Bavon rears aloft its light and elegant steeple, in which are hung the chimes, which are constantly pouring forth on the passing breeze their soft and gentle but somewhat erratic music—

"Falling at intervals upon the ear,
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on."

All the other edifices around bear upon them the traces of many a different age and many a different hand; and all combine to rivet the stranger's attention.

Haarlem can boast of some most delightful walks just outside the city. The Park, where the Pavilion built by M. Hope and purchased by Louis Bonaparte stands, is full of thick groves, scarcely penetrable by the sun. The walks along what we presume were the ramparts, are equally charming; and when we add that, in the immediate vicinity are nursery gardens, from which we draw a large proportion of our annual supply of hyacinths and tulips, the reader will see that there is much of interest both in and around Haarlem. But the Cathedral, with the great organ, is the principal object of attraction. We were anxious to contrast a Protestant Sabbath on the Continent with the Papistical one which we expected to spend in Belgium, and the Dutch city of Haarlem, which we reached on a Saturday, afforded the desired opportunity.

[To be continued.]

VARIETIES.

THE "TIMES" WITH "DOUBLE SUPPLEMENT" OR "EXTRA SHEET."—In the future history of Journalism the 21st of June, 1861, may be noted as a memorable date, the "Times" having on that day attained to a size before unexampled in the annals of the newspaper press. From the extraordinary pressure of advertisements, an extra sheet had to be given, making the whole impression to consist of 24 pages, with 144 columns. The number of advertisements was above 4000. A correspondent, from a rough calculation of one column, estimated the whole contents of the paper to consist of above a million and a half letters; the paper itself covering nearly 38 square feet, and the printed portion 7960 square inches. Having taken the trouble to estimate the average number of words in five different types (Leaders, Foreign Correspondence, Parliamentary Reports, and small advertisements in the body of the paper, together with the 96 columns of ordinary advertisements), we find the result to be 376,200 words. The same number of words printed in the type of Macaulay's "History of England," would fill three octavo volumes of 369 pages each.

PUBLIC OPINION, OR THE RELATIONS OF THE PARLIAMENT, THE PRESS, AND THE PEOPLE.—The entire people are now present, as it were, and assist in the deliberations of Parliament. An orator addresses not only the assembly of which he is a member, but, through them, the civilized world. Publicity has become one of the most important instruments of parliamentary government. The people are taken into council by Parliament, and concur in approving or condemning the laws which are there proposed; and thus the doctrine of Hooker is verified to the very letter: "Laws they are not which public approbation hath not made so." While publicity secures the ready acceptance of good laws by the people, the passing of bad laws, of which the people disapprove, is beyond the power of the minister. Long before a measure can be adopted by the legislature, it has been approved or condemned by the public voice; and living and acting in public, Parliament, under a free representation, has become as sensitive to public opinion as a barometer to atmospheric pressure.—May's "Constitutional History of England."

WHAT IS THE VALUE OF A SOUL?—Dr. Wolff received a just reproof from Dr. Harvey, the celebrated naturalist at Dublin, on account of the shallow wit he uttered, by saying "that the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews had carried on the conversion of the Jews for fifty-two years, and had spent £800,000 during that time, and had only converted two Jews and a half!" Dr. Harvey sent him an advertisement, announcing a meeting of the London Society at York, upon which Dr. Harvey had written Dr. Wolff's observation, and simply added to it, "What is the value of one soul?" These few words Wolff felt as if a pincushion had entered his heart. He showed it to his friends, and said, "This is the observation, not of a clergyman, but of a naturalist; and I have no answer to give to him but simply to acknowledge my error, and make a firm resolution not to repeat the joke again."—Dr. Wolff's Autobiography.

EMIGRATION IN 1861.—According to the returns of the emigration commissioners, 2,219,355 emigrants sailed from the ports of the United Kingdom in the interval between the census of March 31, 1851, and the census of April 8, 1861. But 194,532 of the number were probably of foreign origin, leaving 2,054,823 emigrants from the population of the United Kingdom; of whom about 640,210 were of English origin, 183,627 were of Scotch origin, and 1,230,986 were of Irish origin.

I HAVE occasion to observe, that a warm, blundering man does more for the world than a frigid wise man. One who gets into a habit of inquiring about proprieties, and expediences, and occasions, often spends his life without doing anything to purpose.—Cecil.

OR,
CHAPTER
As soon
to Ann
woman.
Mrs. B.
No,